

The Comickall Historie of

For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible.

Exeunt.

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then
any man in all *Venice*; his reasons are as two graines of wheat hid
in two bushels of chaffe: you shal seeke all day ere you find them,
and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now vvhhat Lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shovving a more swelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lycall unlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my Schoole daies, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot

the Merchant of Venice.

I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same vway, vwith more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayre, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made vvaft of all I have:
Then doe but say to me vvhhat I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that vword,
Of vvrondrous vertues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide vworld ignorant of her vworth,
For the foure vvinds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholchos* strond,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place vwith one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie

To